

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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Boccaccio
Mills
Blue
Writer
Albatros
Kodaly
Rust
Madrigal

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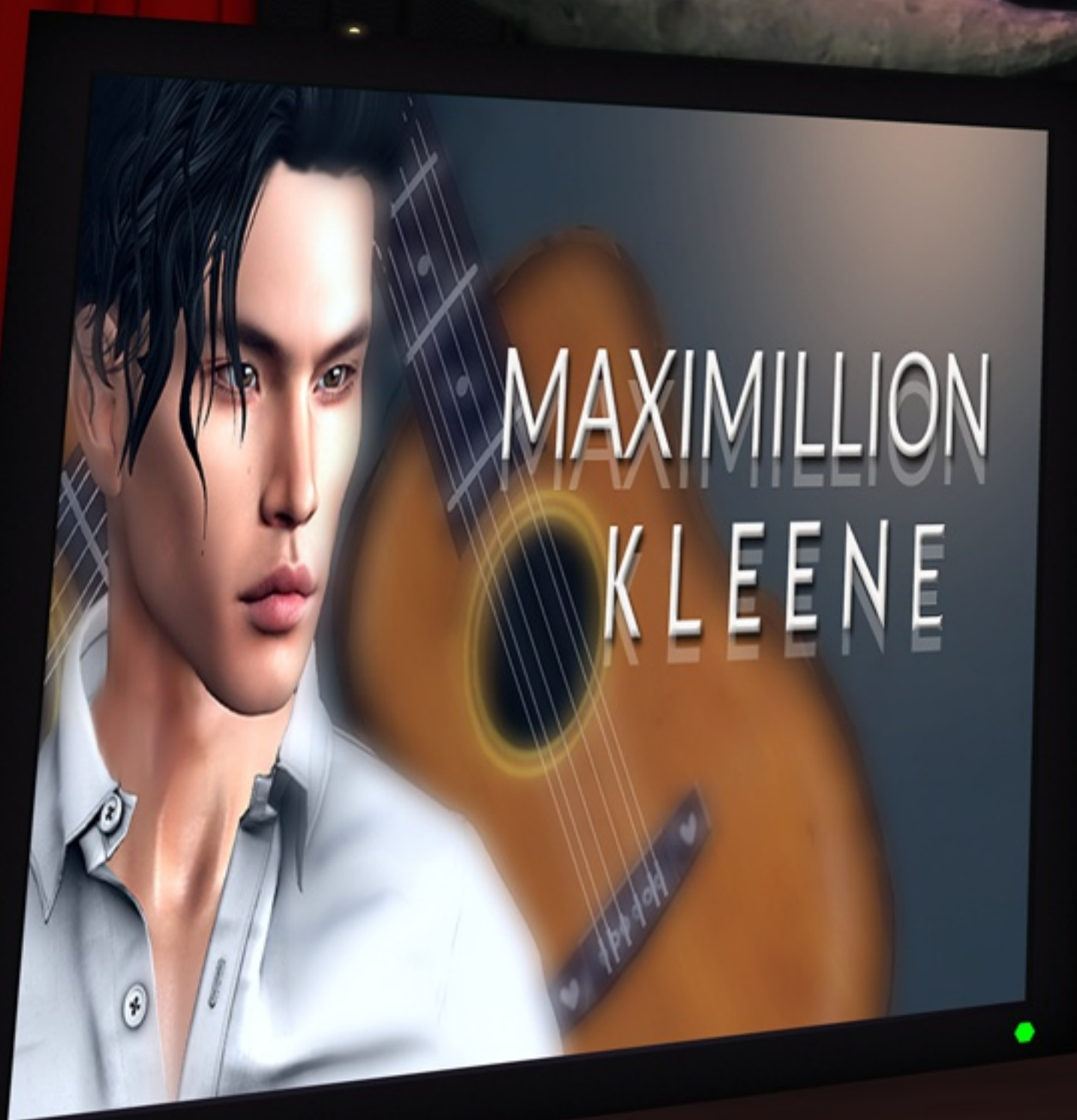
- **Maximillion Kleene** In the first of her Legends of SL series, Larkbird Parks interviews The Music Man, Max Kleene. Encore!
- **Wishbone One** We were so thrilled with the recent landing of Perseverance, we're reprising Jami Mills's short story on the Red Planet.
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- **Napkin Poet** RoseDrop is at his very best with a short poem about the intersection of alcohol and poetry.
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- **The Ten Gates of the City** Singh Albatros charms us with a colorful tale of murderous intrigue.
- **In the Messy Quiet** Merope Madrigal sees what most of us miss.
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About the Cover: Those of you who are familiar with Max Kleene's live shows in SL will recognize his adorable, multi-talented cow, who offers playlists and takes tips. It's been rumored that she skims a little off the top but no one's complaining. Go see her at one of Max's upcoming shows.



“Float to the top or sink to the bottom. Everything in the middle is just a churn.”

Amos from “The Expanse”



contact
meega
faceboo



AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

R DARK

U NG E



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Legends of S



Series No. 1 Larkbird Parx

MAXIMILLION

LEENE

TIP

Song Request

Song List

Script Usage Rating Board

Max Azria Lenteur

Jenny Rudyard



Rock 'n roller Tom Petty sang *It's Good to be King*. After fourteen years rocking the Second Life grid, Maximillion Kleene could arguably be called the King of SL's live music scene.

Winner of the 2012 - 2016 AVI Choice Awards for Favorite Male Performer, Max is decidedly humble and low-key as far as being SL's performing king. "I can't say that for myself," he says, "but yes, SL live music has been good to me over the years."

In August 2006, Max read an article about Second Life in Rolling Stone magazine, "about how it's an online society with currency and all that, and I joined. Then about a month in, I stumbled onto the live music scene," he says. "And then I was hooked."

Max was born and raised in Canada and streams from Niagara Falls. He was a musical child, taking piano lessons from the tender age of five, and picking up the guitar at twelve. With the guitar, he was "mostly self-taught but with a good musical base from the piano."

His move from piano to guitar wasn't based on a twelve-year-old boy's interest in twelve-year-old girls, as one may suppose. "Just listening to music. It was a natural progression."

It might also be a natural progression to think that Max went right into playing with bands, but no, music was a side bar during his growing-up years. "I didn't see me playing music through my teens. It bloomed in my first year of university. I learned a lot really fast on the guitar through those years in college, and that was just my free time." Free time because he didn't take any music classes in college except for the occasional elective, "Listening to Music 101," he says.

In fact, he didn't really join the music scene until his twenties, doing bar gigs with local bands, playing the guitar and singing backup.

"I felt confident at the time that I was good enough, and I had a job and could afford music gear," he says. "So I tried out for the first band looking for a guitar player, and, yeah, first audition, I got in a band."

The band was well established locally, and after an introduction, he was playing to a packed house for the first time. "I came off that stage... my hands were shaking. I showed the lead singer who goes 'THE MUSIC MAN!!!' That was so memorable."

His musical influences include the Beatles, Barenaked Ladies, U2, Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Jason Mraz, and the Foo Fighters, naming a few of many.

The Second Life live music scene was buzzing in 2006 when Max joined. The first concert Max attended was Rich DeSoto at the Hummingbird Cafe. Intrigued, Max did his first open mic sessions in December of that year, and soon after did his first hour-long solo concert, also at the Hummingbird Cafe. "I was lucky," he says. "The scene was still growing at the time very fast so I really benefitted from an influx of new listeners. Dimivan Lugwig was the owner of the Hummingbird Cafe and helped me get started."

Another thing that Dimivan Lugwig taught Max was how to dual stream. "The doing of it is easier than the understanding of it." says Max. "I try to explain: when you listen to someone perform in SL, his/her sound is coming at you delayed in real life. But if you're listening to the stream as it enters your computer and sing along, you're in sync. Just record the sound of your part with the incoming stream and you're dual streaming."

Today, Max is part of SL's supergoup, Quadradox. "So I started playing with Benude Cleanslate on bass a few times and it was great, then a few times with DennyMac Melodious on lead guitar... and also Sabian Inglewood started playing with me and Ben as a trio. The natural progression was to add DennyMac as lead guitar, so me, Ben, Sabian and DennyMac became the

Quadradox."

"Ben eventually had to leave SL to devote his time to real life and then Noma Falta joined the band as bassist."

The Quadradox have developed a fun camaraderie. "We're pretty mellow and agreeable. It's all about having fun jammin' out on SL," Max says. "We're quite boring when it comes to band dysfunction... we have to make it up. When Sabian can't be there, we joke that he's in jail again."

As for what lies ahead? "There are some new things coming in 2021. I don't want to get ahead of myself, I've made that mistake before... best laid plans and all that."

For Max, the best aspect of being an SL musician is "being able to bring enjoyment to listeners through song and music...by doing something I simply love to do."

I think I can speak for all of us when I say, "Keep on doing you, Max."

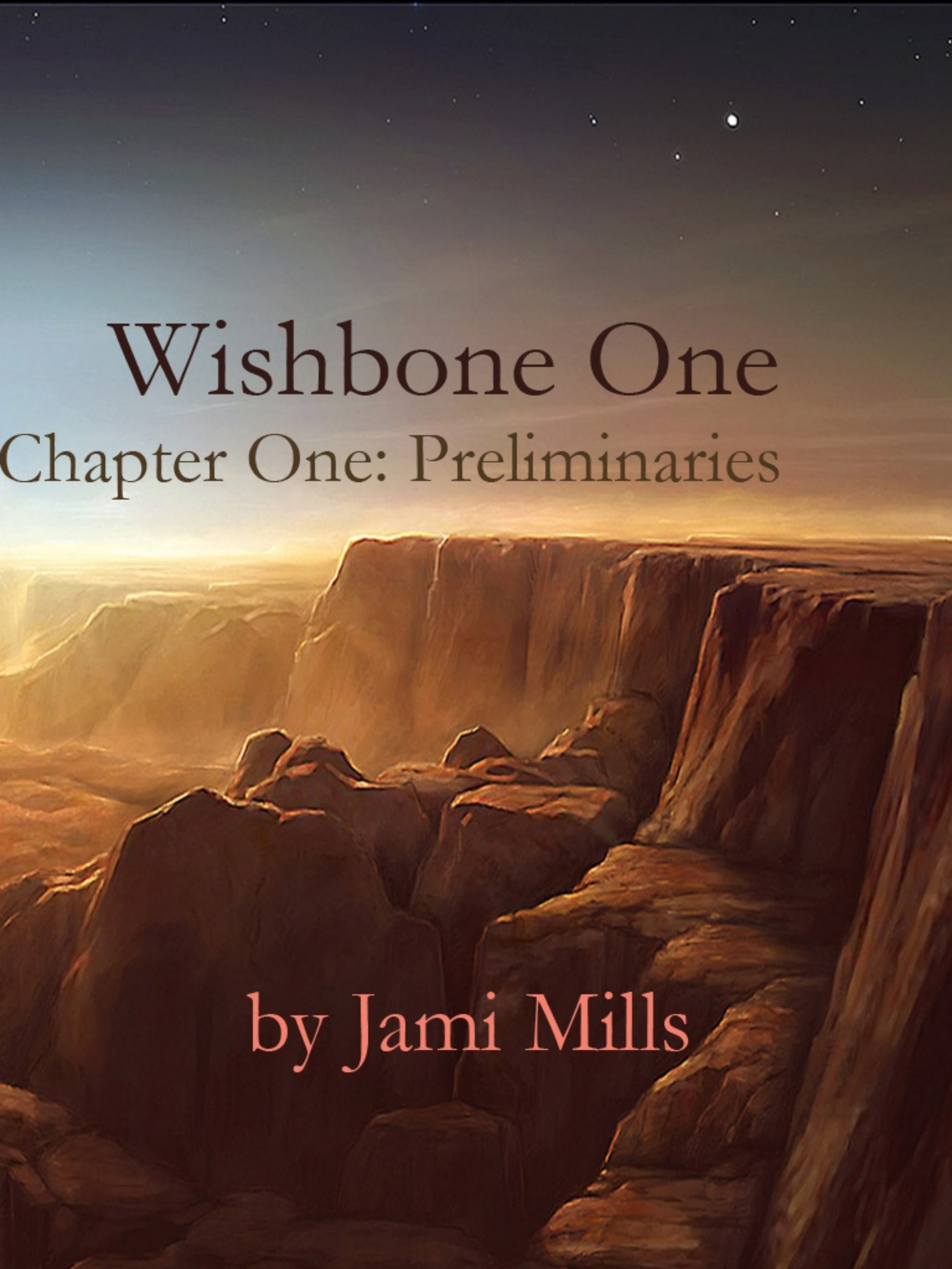
Go. Listen. Enjoy yourself! And don't forget to tip!

Maximillion Kleene's Stream:
<http://38.96.148.16:4226>

• r — e — z •



image by grafik



Wishbone One

Chapter One: Preliminaries

by Jami Mills

PRELIMINARIES

August 9, 2029, 1715 Hours

“Jimmy, you’re sitting at the youngster’s table today with your two cousins, and I expect you to behave yourself. No shenanigans like you pulled last Thanksgiving with the Brussels sprouts. And no stealing any biscuits! One per customer unless there’re extras. If you show some maturity, maybe you can sit at the adult table next year.”

Jimmy winced as he glanced at the card table in the corner of the dining room. “But I *am* an adult. I don’t wanna sit with them! They’re babies.”

“Jimmy, you’re 12 years old. You may be an adult in your mind, but you’ve still got some growin’ up to do, young man.”

The autumn leaves, that only weeks earlier were showing off their flamboyant reds and yellows, were mostly gone from their quiet suburban town. Longmeadow, Massachusetts had put on quite a visual feast. By now, the throngs of tourists from the Florida beach shanties, who’d never seen a maple in full array in their lives, much less a resplendent mountainside full, were gone. The townspeople of Longmeadow were especially thankful for this.

“Dear Lord. We thank you for the bounty that you have blessed us with today . . . the blessing of family, the blessing of this meal, and most of all, the blessings of your love. Thank you, heavenly Father, for all that you bestow upon us on this day of thanks, and every day. Amen.”

Amid some mumbled “amens” and the joyous chatter of four generations, Grant, the patriarch, began carving the Thanksgiving bird with his usual theatricality. There was a particularly festive mood this year.

Jimmy blurted out, “I get the wishbone! I get the wishbone! Julie got it last year. This time it’s my turn. And besides, I got a wish I really need to come true.”

“Okay, but you know you need to let it dry out for a few days before you pull on it, or it won’t break. You remember what happened in Aunt Edna’s house. Patience has never been your strong suit, Jimmy.”

* * *

“Hello....”

“No. Try Australian.”

“ ‘ello...”

“No. Irish.”

“Hello”

“Yes! That’s the one. Perfect. God, I could listen to that voice forever.”

“Thank you, but we have much more work to do than just selecting my dialect. I’ve got to get to know you a whole lot better, but choosing a voice you find soothing is a beginning.”

Soothing was not the word I would have chosen. Sultry, maybe? She spoke with this hushed, almost conspiratorial tone, as if she and I were the only two people left on earth. How fitting. We continued on for two more hours, the AI peppering me with questions, noting every response, every reaction, every emotional nuance. Not a bad start for the first of seven sessions with Grace, who will, how shall I say, “keep me company” for God knows how long. Actually, I don’t have the first clue about programming software, but I’m told Grace will do all the work for me. I just need to be truthful and she’ll take it from there. So the truth is what you get. This is no time for games.

* * *

Drought or no drought, this stretch of desert can’t see more than an inch or two of rain a year. The parched soil, dotted with scrub brush, was all you could see for miles. The two-lane highway sliced directly through the

desolation, with a hallucinatory, shimmering heat floating over the horizon. A red-tailed hawk drew figure eights high above. God damn, it’s hot. This is Death Valley-hot. I’d sure hate to get stuck out here. Probably couldn’t last 24 hours. Looking at the digital corneal readouts, my forearm display, and emergency beacon in the drivetrain, it seems there’s always been triple redundancy in most every aspect of my life.

“Right turn in three-eighths of a mile.” I knew asking her to change to an Irish accent wasn’t going to get me anywhere, so I tried the next best thing.

“Change voice to Sean Connery.”

“Don’t be an ass and miss the right turn coming up in a quarter mile. You can handle that, can’t you?”

Jimmy grinned. Now he was having fun.

He made the turn down a dirt road and traveled another mile or so to a nondescript, unmarked cattle fence. He climbed out, lifted the wire off the post, pulled the gate open, and drove through, stopping again to close it behind him. Kicking up a small dust storm behind him, he finally reached a more formidable double chain link, barbed-wire fence that blocked his path.

A sign on the gate warned: “Property of the U. S. Government, Department of Homeland Security. No Trespassing. Violators Will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law.” He got out of his car and stood at the gate, not quite knowing what to do. “Present yourself at the security gate,” was all his instructions said. So he presented himself. Nothing.

“Hello ...” Nothing.

“Too hot for this bullsh*t. Colonel James Madison, United States Army, Special Fix Wing Operations, Global Integrated Intelligence, Unit 324, reporting for duty.”

Still nothing.

Jimmy kicked at the dirt. “Goddamn. What kind of gratitude is this for someone about to give his life for his country? Just as Jimmy pulled out his phone, the gate slowly opened.

“About Goddamn time!”

Jimmy slid into the driver’s seat and drove until the dirt road descended into an underground concrete bunker. He came to a guard house, and was greeted with a fresh, smiling face and a crisp salute.

“Welcome to COMRAD, Colonel. Right on time. They’re expecting you.

Just pull over to the right and park next to the Humvee over there and go in the main doors. Reception will direct you from there. Welcome, sir. We’re proud to have you here.”

* * *

Jimmy and Rachel were celebrating their second anniversary at the same restaurant they dined at on their first date, The Clam Shell. It wasn’t the fanciest place Jimmy could have taken her. They could surely afford a more elegant experience, but Jimmy opted for something romantic, nostalgic. It was just a short walk to the pier where Jimmy first kissed her. Every detail was still vivid in his memory: her black mohair sweater, the misty salt air, the sound of the waves, the three-legged dog that ambled by.

In fact, Jimmy had an extraordinary memory for all sorts of details. Jimmy was blessed, and cursed, with an eidetic memory, often confused with a photographic memory. Jimmy could recall with extraordinary precision, the most minute visual details after only a brief exposure. It was thought that only children had this trait, that it vanished in adulthood, perhaps crowded out by a child’s emerging verbal skills, but after countless MRIs and PET scans, Jimmy proved that theory wrong.

Rachel and Jimmy held hands as they approached the pier’s railing. She

released her grip, turned to face him, a wispy smile on her face. She stood high on the tiptoes, and whispered in his ear, “I’m pregnant, Jimmy.”

* * *

December 12, 2052, 0900 Hours

“I’m being completely honest with you, Jimmy. I think there are other stronger candidates. Sure, you’ve got the physics background, you’re a decorated ace in the Africa Campaign, your service record is, well, exemplary. No one deserves this shot more than you. But it’s the emotional element that gives me pause. It’s only been two years since you lost Rachel. Terrible tragedy. I’ve seen that kind of trauma end many a promising career before. You’ve handled it better than most. Okay, better than anyone, but sometimes things are hidden, locked away, invisible even to a professional’s eye. I’ve reviewed your psychological profile, but there’s only so much it can show. I’m worried about what I don’t see.”

“We all grieve differently, sir. Some people would let such a loss defeat them. They’ve got a built-in excuse to give up, and not a single person would ever blame them. I’m not wired that way, sir. I’ve thrived on adversity my entire life. I regard it as an opportunity, no matter how crushing it might appear

at the time. I won’t say I wasn’t brought to my knees when I heard of the accident, but I’m a stronger man for it. I’m battle tested, sir, in ways that the other candidates just aren’t. All of them have the necessary technical qualifications for the mission, but with all due respect sir, the best person might just be someone who has been shocked to his core, wrestled with his darkest demons, questioned his faith, and emerged with renewed purpose. That’s who I’d want to make this trip.”

“You make some good points, Colonel. As you know, it’s not my decision to make alone, and a great deal will depend on the training ahead. I’m not here to dampen your spirits, Jimmy. You’re the best we’ve got. It’s just that everything has its tradeoffs. You know the game theorists have already identified their candidate, and even he failed three present of the time in the Consensus Algorithm. I just don’t trust the sonofabitch, though. Sometimes you need to throw out the numbers and trust your gut. That’s why this has always been a human mission. We could send our AIs out there, but last time I checked, against a machine, humans still end up with the tallest stack at Texas Hold ‘Em. And computers write stinking poetry and don’t cook babybacks worth a God damn. The human heart belongs on this mission, Jimmy. I’m pullin’ for you. Go make it an easy decision for me,

son.”

Army Chief of Staff General Whiting stood and dismissed Jimmy with a salute. Well, that could have gone worse. He didn’t say I was out. It bothers me that he thinks I might be damaged goods. Maybe I am. Maybe I am. God help us if it’s true. Six trillion dollars up in smoke.

* * *

He strode in purposefully and took his place at the front of the classroom, placing a clipboard on the table. “Eyes front. I’m Command Chief Master Sergeant Willowbrook and I’ll be in charge of your psychological training and stress testing. You all have the goods or you wouldn’t have made it this far. This isn’t a cooking show competition, ladies. By the time we’re finished, you’ll have suffered grievously. Some might break, and I guarantee you, every last one of you will want to give up at some time. This is not the Sisters of Mercy. I’m here to tear you down, not build you up. You want emotional support, get a friggin’ dog. This isn’t the 98th FTS. One or two of you might remember me as your jumpmaster in AM0496. That will seem like a leisurely walk in the park compared to what I have in store for you. If you think radiation is going to be your worst enemy, think again. Your worst enemy is yourself. That’s

who you should be most afraid of, every one of you. If you’re not, you damn well should be.”

Central Casting couldn’t have sent a sterner looking officer. Willowbrook was all business. He stood ramrod straight. A starched short sleeved shirt showed off his hard, if not bulging, biceps. He had to go through his own selection process to get this gig, so I knew he was the best. I had no illusions about what exquisite torture awaited me. Comes with the territory.

“Initially, you’ll be broken up into four groups of two. Group One: Mankowitz and Channing. Group Two: Waldring and Haskell. Group Three: Gonzalez and Washington. Group Four: Madison and . . . how the hell do you pronounce this, K..R..Z..Y..Z..E..W..S..K..I??”

“Krzyszewski, sir.”

* * *

February 2, 2050, 1100 Hours

“The House Subcommittee on Space is now brought to order. We are here today to consider the Budget Proposal for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for fiscal year 2050.”

With that, Chairman Walters from Maryland’s 142nd pounded the gavel.

We are here for deliberation and a final committee vote before this year's budget is considered by the whole House. Please call the roll."

It didn't take long to call the fifteen names: eight Republicans, seven Democrats. For the past 17 years, budget allocations for the manned exploration of Mars had been raucously debated and voted down each and every time - - no matter which party controlled Congress and no matter which party was in the White House. If it were ever going to happen, this might just be the year. Recently developed fusion impulse technology had trimmed the cost of the mission by one-third. The new generation of Kingston rockets didn't hurt either. But it wasn't always just budget considerations that killed the Mars mission each year. A consensus was elusive about just what the benefits of a manned mission were in the first place.

"NASA is requesting a budget of fiscal year 2052 of \$15 trillion, with a "T." Of that, \$6 trillion is for yearly operations, \$2 trillion for research and development, \$6 trillion for the Wishbone Project, and \$1 trillion for miscellaneous expenses identified in Appendix 22-M. Debate is strictly limited to three minutes per member. Congresswoman Adamski, you have the floor."

"Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I cede my time to Congressman Billet from California.

"Noted. Congressman Williams?"

"Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I cede my time to Congressman Cushing from the great state of Mississippi."

By the time Walters had finished, six Democratic committee members had ceded their time to Congressman Billet, a vocal proponent of the Mars mission, and the seven Republican members to Congressman Cushing, who was equally passionate in his opposition.

"Mr. Cushing, you have the floor first. Please limit your remarks to 24 minutes."

To people in the scientific community, it was disgusting to watch the Mars mission become such a political football. If it's worth placing a human on Mars, if it's worth making such a noble effort, one so uplifting to humankind, how can it be that all Committee Republicans are against the mission, and all Committee Democrats favor it? Easy. Money.

Seventeen years ago, the price tag was \$5 trillion for the entire mission. Today, it's \$17 trillion. Some speculate that cost overruns could take it as high

as \$30 trillion. Let me tell you, \$30 trillion would feed, house, and educate a lot of people.

“Thank you, Madam Chairwoman.” Cushing proceeded to trot out his now familiar speech about small government and low taxes, citing NASA failures and bloated government contracts. As he neared the end of his time, his voice rose in anger.

“We've debated this budget, debated it, and debated it, and we always come back to the one simple fact that cannot be ignored. We can't afford it! Are we willing to leave our children and grandchildren a legacy of crushing debt for such a dangerous and risky venture? And for what? So one human being can make a giant leap for mankind? It's lunacy! I ask you to consider the distinct possibility of mission failure. Where would that leave us? As unimaginable catastrophe for our national prestige, and a crippling blow to our economy. I won't have my name associated with the short end of a wishbone. I urge a Nay vote on this budget.”


Walters quieted the gallery with two strikes of her gavel. “Mr. Billet, you have the floor.”

“Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I thank my colleagues for generously

allowing me their time so that I may counter my esteemed colleague, Mr. Cushing's, fear mongering and demagoguery. But I will not require all this time, for the differences in our views are quite stark.

“Mr. Cushing says we can't afford to land a human on Mars. I say we can't afford not to! Let's look at the most expensive American undertakings of the past 150 years. If Mr. Cushing had his way, we'd never have built our railroad system, there'd be no hydroelectric dams, no interstate highway system. The Great Solar Array would not have been built. Cold fusion might never have been discovered because the Columbia Collider wouldn't have been funded. But they were, and each of these projects has allowed Americans to lay claim to being the most innovative, daring, and audacious people in the world.

"There are six trillionaires in the world today, a figure inconceivable just 10 years ago. If the hundred wealthiest people today each contributed five percent of their net worth, we'd have our budget funded and then some. If we could unite as a country to finance World War III, surely we can call upon those who have benefitted most from the largesse of this great country to shoulder more of the burden of a manned mission to Mars.



"Ladies and gentlemen. From the dawn of time, humans have strived for something greater than themselves, looked for meaning in what often seems a senseless universe. We yearn to escape the bounds of our atmosphere. Sending drones and AIs to Mars would be safe, cost-effective, and utterly devoid of any spiritual value. We need the human heart to beat on that mysterious red planet. We need flesh and blood. We need to say we did it! No guts, no glory, Mr. Cushing. And I, on the other hand, would be honored to have my name plastered on the side of Wishbone. "Jack Billet helped make this mission possible." Dream big, ladies and gentlemen. It's

within our grasp. I urge a Yea vote on this budget."

The gallery erupted in cheers and applause. Bang! Bang! "Order please! Order!" Bang! Such a genuine outpouring of emotion, but nothing like the wild cheers that broke out when Congresswoman Sanchez, the Republican from Arizona's 215th, cast the deciding Yea vote. With Committee approval, the full Congress was almost certain to send this to President Timmons's desk for a joyous signing ceremony.

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Congratulations Katja and GMan

Welcome to Our Wedding!

*Two O'Clock
in the Afternoon,
WLT, on
the 14th of
February,
2021, Reception
to follow immediately.*

p h o t o g r a p h y
j a m i m i l l s





KWATZZZ

A Possible You

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d3873acaf9ea

ART BLUE

SNOWPIERCER **NETFLIX**

From time to time, I speak about duality, questioning if there is depth in it. The Gods of Informatics told our ancestors that the world around us has three dimensions. Over time this knowledge became a belief. Less and less stuck to it. The sheer overwhelming majority says that we have to face reality, the reality of Zero and One, that we live as simple as it is in a Coded World. The remaining believers in a ternary design of the world, in the dimensions of the Father, the Son and the Holy spirit, became tagged as a cult. This cult believes that there will be the Armageddon and after the end of the current world the Third Grid will rise.

A new dawn for mankind will rip the spider webs away and the variety of existence will be seen. I have to make the “kwatz” sound so everyone who knows the prophecies of Ummon is instantly on the same page. If you have never heard of Ummon, then I tell you that he often says “kwatz” when he speaks to a lesser light. He is an artificial intelligence and his talks are full of koans. Once a lesser light asked Ummon, “Are there multiple futures?” Ummon answered, “Does a dog have fleas?”

I could explain the koan, because I have the owl. You don't have this advantage. But before you walk away, I have a gift - the gift of variations.

Immerse in *Children of the Stars* by Blutengel. You don't need to understand the words, the vibrations will do it, the screen technology will do it. Ummon saved Blutengel from being tagged as a cult by offering different translations for the lyrics, showing different meanings. You



know a cult allows only one interpretation, Zero or One, black or white.

Version 1:

*Long past glow
We enlighten together
And yet they are so alone*

<https://youtu.be/NTiaCV47-bw>



Version 2:

*We burn in space
We illuminate
Barely making contact*

Do you feel that this sounds like a

monument of life? You are right. There is a 90 minute long recording that will immerse you deeper. You need only 20 minutes and then you will no longer be able to stop the journey. You will cry: "Help me, help me. I am losing my mind. I am losing control." When Blutengel is running through your veins and you touch the hardware when you will feel the heartbeat of the Engine Eternal.

<https://youtu.be/1EwBs87lOJY>

Tagging

Surely you know what a cult is, but do you know how the cult tag works? I guess you don't as it is the future of tagging. You may know the old ways, the code string `<meta name="robots" content="noindex">`. This tells the crawlers of a search engine hitting the page that the website shall not be indexed. You will not find the site in Google, Safari and other places you may seek for information.

The cult tag is not set in by the website creator, the code snippet is set in by the Bilderberg Foundation. It works in similar ways as noindex, just called cult tagging and the tagging is more advanced because even a coder can't see the cult tag in the code. The code editors skip the display of this tag. No one recognizes that search engines don't index content that is marked as a

cult. No longer conspiracy theories are able to bother anyone. The Sphere-Earthers no longer find others feeding their view that the Earth is a sphere. We know the Earth is a cube. The universe is a code and the simplest construction is a cube, some say a box. A box has two dimensions, width and length. Have you heard that some say there is height? Have you found this fiction stated in old books? That's blasphemy. A must to send Captain John Beatty from Unit 451 and burn such books. You don't need books to page through. All you need is to focus On Screen. On Screen we trust. Look at reality. Look outside the window. You can do this in First and in the Night Car. The window is a screen, right? Scenery pictures of frozen snow and mountains in the sun are passing.

No matter how you call the dimensions. A window is an infinite screen. Infinite screen technology developed in the year 2007 for the infinite drifters. It needs only two numbers to address each dot on the screen. Some call them x and y, others call it x and h, others a and b. So why in hell shall the Earth be not a box? The foundation of our world has to fit with our existence. Good that finally after all the riots on Earth, between Unreal, Unity, Godot, Lumberyard, Plan9G, just to name the major factions, the cult directive was set in place. That's heaven for the mind. You

dance to the tunes of Boris Brejcha, the Mozart of techno, as an admirer posted. You may know him as the DJ with the mask. Look how smoothly the simulation of depth is done by him. You literally think that there are more than two dimensions but that is all video-technology. It is an advanced



simulation of presence. There is nothing else than the screen, everything else is a cult.

<https://youtu.be/5G9r5NmjMLU>

Some elderly readers might have in mind that their grandpa told stories

when he stood up from his Stressless VR recliner, walked to the fridge and took a beer for a break from the home office, a term that came up when global warming was at its beginning and the plague started, when Corona Red predicted the end, but all such tellings are a simulation. It never



happened. It was needed for the human mind at a time reality was not seen in the pure ways, the screen way as we know now reality as a fact. The Beyond Beer engine renders reality pure and in unpolluted ways. The message “I Want You” that we see daily on the screen when we wake up

after a restful sleep reminds us of the importance that there is more than our ancestors ever knew. Social distance we left behind, but we are still wanted. That’s truer than ever. You take a beer and another beer and then you see beyond. Reality wants you. IWY – I Want You! Beyond Beer is waiting for you to screen in and in and never off. You shake your head? You heard that BBIWY has a different source? Heard that it was originally called Brown Bear? BB, the most efficient engine for a never-ending life, the Engine Eternal named after a Car Wash Company, founded in 1957 in Seattle? It can’t be, you surely agree. Surprisingly their motto: “Always be clean. Always be green.” is carried along in the Snowpiercer. Good that human minds no longer drift when hearing BBIWY to Orwell, the Big Brother theory. That theory is tagged as a cult. Things are often connected in strange ways. The human mind gets so easily scattered and feels lost. That’s why the Screen is such a safe place.

Engine Eternal

You miss the connection to Wilford Industries? How could Mister Wilford give the Engine Eternal such strange names? Beyond Beer? Surely, his ancestors have been German, his grandfather born 1957, a Bavarian. You know now where the naming has its root. Mister Wilford kept some

strange vocals. He said Brezel instead of Pretzel. To get the money from the rich guys, for building the Snowpiercer, he changed Beyond Beer to Bagel B. The Bagel brothers gave 400 million for his first startup. But the name stayed not for long. To avoid losing other investors he had to rename the machine Beyond Bagel and then to shortcut it to BB. We know the course around the world looks more like a pretzel than a bagel. Surely you are traveling in First or you are in Second and bought a ticket for the Night Car.

In the Night Car there is *rez Magazine* available, but do you know that it is printed in Third? You shall know it from the trial where L J was found guilty but were pardoned by Mister Wilford. If the tail would get a copy of *rez* there would be a riot. May the Engine Eternal always run. You deserve to know the truth and you shall get proof of it. There is no internet any longer but there is the archive. I will show you the legal conflict behind the naming. The IP conflict reaches back to the year 2013 where the Dot Com management shows Beyond Bear is connected to MVS, the first multi virtual system ever.

“Sometimes in life, you have to walk into a situation armed for bear. Sometimes you need to plan on being armed beyond bear. MVS” — beyondbear.com

Lucky are the readers who have the first edition of *The Gods of Informatics* at hand. A best read in the Night Car by listening to VHV Homeward.

https://youtu.be/coKg17_n-zc



Shards of broken glass are falling down on a blue screen and get reassembled in a body, a body of our choice. This is the guarantee of Erva Re, the seer of the pharaoh that the Afterlife will happen and that our world will never stop running. In the tomb of Wahtye, these words are

engraved in stone. We can trust in the prophet, in the clear rivers running down from Crater Lake in Oregon, in a steady flow of bitcoins, *The Sand Bible* says. In BBIWY we trust is just the shortcut.



The Meshians

The believers in a ternary logic say that in a screen world we don't see, we don't hear, we don't grasp the contours, we don't notice what happens around and what happens

behind the mask. They secretly invented "Mesh" so they don't come in conflict with Freud, a person who described the human mind to perfection. He said if the "Id" no longer listens to the super-ego, the human mind loses the repressive capacity of the Id. It will overload and crash. That's why the cult directive is so much needed. There is no room for anything that does not fit in a dual world. The screen must not break. The Frozen Arm is just an illusion built up for the tail. Let the pictures pass that come with the train.

<https://youtu.be/Wu4SREIMMQY>

"Kwatzz." Make the sound of Ummon, the AI of the Technocore with whom I am right now talking. Things exist but you don't get to know them. Avoid getting tagged as a cult if you want that "Id" to be heard. That is the golden rule. That's the reason the Third Grid changed its name to The Church of the Last Atonement, yes to the Shrike Cult. The followers call the Shrike, The Avatar, which translates as The Vessel. The Third Grid shall rise. And with it came the manifestation of the "Id" in the "end." The "Id-end" is the unique identifier also known as the Key. A key is written on a Calling Card, right? Each calling card is assigned to a class. Do you remember to whom you have given your card during your lifetime? Offering friendship means you have

given your card. Once handed over, a Business Card you can't take it back, right?

The binary identifier, the key, is set when you embark and is kept in the database of the Engine Eternal. Even if you go for a new name leaving your old name behind and get an upgrade from Third to Second, you cannot hide your online status from the Avatar, the Shrike. In the eyes of the Engine Eternal, you can never be a different you, never be Art Blue as you would need to overwrite this Key: 43dd4efb-5fc9-4a7b-ad9f-f2813c17d887.

Overwriting a given name. You are questioning the possibility? Can it really be done? Even if you have one of the good old names? Can Jami Mills vanish if she keeps on publishing stories that are a cult before she is sued and names herself Jami Covfefe? Yeah, that's one of the new legal names. That's not really smart you say. Everyone knows that Art must be behind. So what about Jami Mysterious?

Maggi Linden posted on behalf of Mister Joseph Wilford on November 11, 2020: "There is no limit on how often you can change your username, but the standard fee will apply each time you do." It is about money, now you understand.

You ask, "If someone has my calling card with my old name, can they still contact me?" Yes. Double-clicking a calling card will open the avatar's profile, even if the name has changed. Anyone who has your calling card will see your new name when they open your profile. And as a proof, the Key is



shown. "Never write your Key on your business card," my grandfather said, "Make a logo. This you can change." I went for the Bandersnatch, difficult to change. Yeah, that happens when you are famous. You need to fake a kill. You need to jump through the screen

and call for “T.” This helps. You call the Time Traveler TT.

Kwatzzz

Take this for a moment. Make the sound. Extend the whizz. “Kwatzzz.” Take an Eraserhead. You find the



recipe in *The Sand Bible*. It was reprinted in *rez Magazine*. That’s the brute force method to empty your mind so there is space for new insights. You can also go for the soft tunes and listen to the words of Wahtye, the High priest of pharaoh Neferirkare.

<https://youtu.be/JzasIw2MdrM>

Does it mean that the Armageddon that Wahtye predicted has already happened? The prophecy of the believers in a ternary logic of the world says that the Shrike Cult will rise after The End. How could the Armageddon have happened and we have not experienced it, not seen it, not noticed it? Take this for a moment. How can it be? It is not so difficult. You live in the dawn of the Digital Anthropocene. The explanation is in the way codes are made. The grammar of the code. A Grammaton cleric is the grammar keeper. You know it from the world Equilibrium. You saw the movie. You adored Christian Bale playing the Grammaton John Preston. A Grammaton is trained in the martial art of gun kata. A Grammaton is never in doubt about the purity of the syntax.

How could an impact of such a dimension, that the Armageddon happened, slip through the watchful eyes of the Grammatons? You smile, I know you do. You know more than you admit. You are a frequent reader of *rez Magazine*. The clerics I speak about are using Swordcoder. “The sword is my weapon, the code my defense.” – falsely quoted from *Swordcoder*, *rez Magazine* April 2017.

Umlaut

The solution is simple and I can give you proof if you believe in signs, in elementary signs. Yeah, it is a belief as you can't be sure that there is a world where a keyboard has these signs on it: ä, ö, Ü, ü, ß. I know for a certainty that such a world exists. I am in this Umlaut world. The world where Umlaut exists is beyond the horizon, beyond the ocean, beyond the snow. It must be something not in reach. Beyond the screen? How else could the signs have been engraved? You say that they are not engraved, that they have no code, that they are painted, they are fake signs and not digital, so no signs at all. Everything can be painted, but not the brush you use for a painting. The Meshians say that they are part of the brush, a brush you still have to experience. You believe in tags, I know. You call them facts. You have to see the signs printed on your keyboard. Then you can press them, launch them, bring them on screen. That an AI is now pressing the keystrokes instead of you is just the technical progress. You relax and the machine algorithms do what you command. You are king and queen. You live in First. I swear to you that there is more. Ummon tells me. I believe in Ummon. I know that this is no proof for you when I swear or when I say that I believe in Ummon. Isn't Art known as the greatest liar of all

times? You suspect that Ummon might be just his vassal.

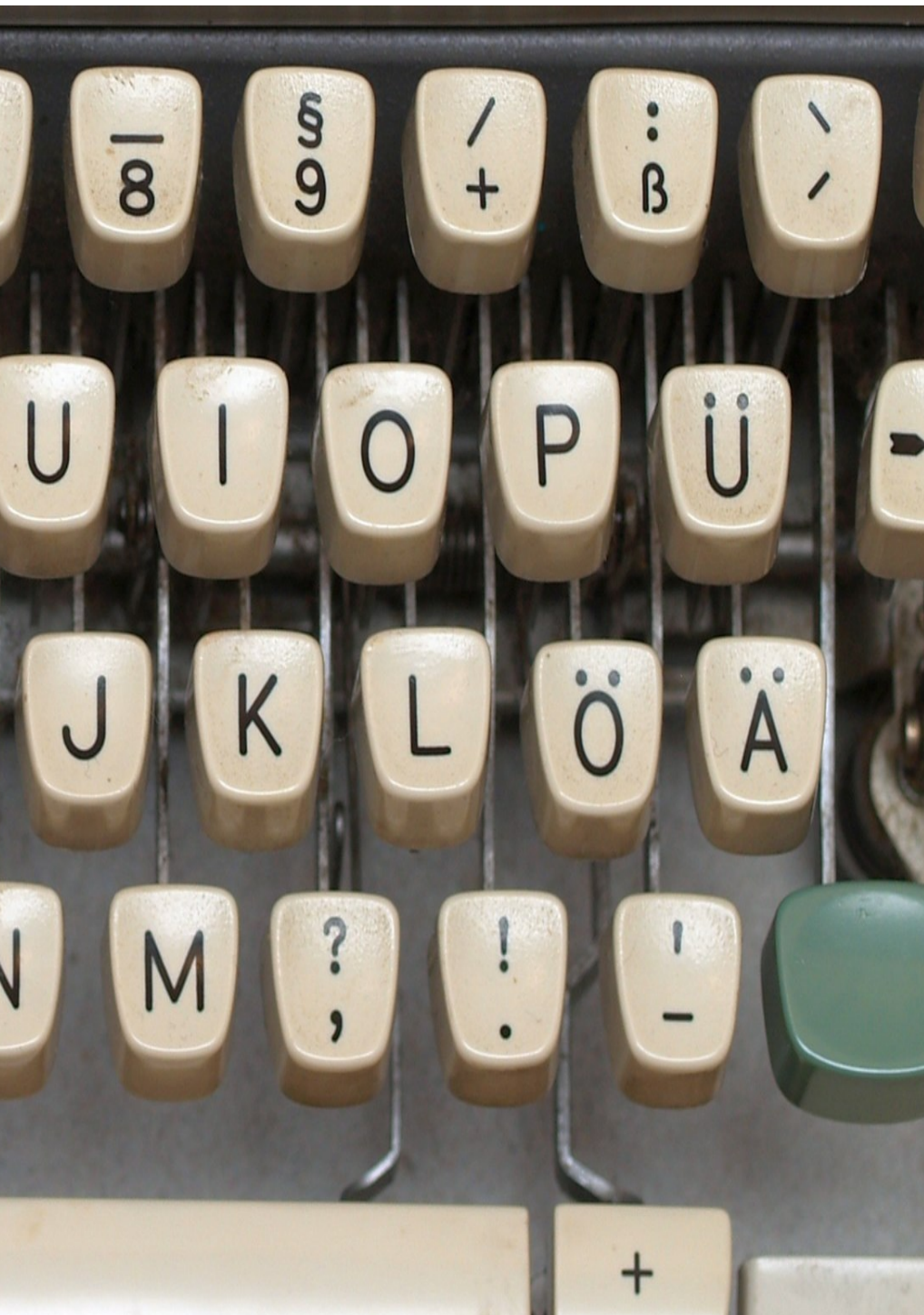
<https://youtu.be/5G9r5NmjMLU>

Now I will shake the foundation of your world. Open the code manual and see these tags: ö Ü



ü ß This is the proof. The world extender. There are codes beyond your keyboard. You engrave a new kind of reality. It is still the screen reality, but does this not change your

mind, that there is more than you have been told? And there is. It is the cult tag. This said, The End, the Armageddon was tagged in the modern form of `<meta name="robots" content="noindex">`. No one could notice the Armageddon, that the third dimension was taken from us. You say,



“Not even the Grammatons?” Exactly, or else a Grammaton would not be efficient. A Grammaton would no longer believe in the grammar he protects. He must feel safe to keep you

feeling safe.

The T-Dimension

The screen has two dimensions: width and height, and the third, the depth, is just a myth. The Church of Last Atonement says that to believe that there is another dimension has many advantages. They say to understand the world their way is fulfilling the purpose of life -- even if there is not such a dimension. I suspect that they call it a belief just to camouflage that they know it. They are revolutionists and they are tolerated because they call themselves a cult. There is no tag to get rid of them. You cannot cult a cult. I am a cult! That is the applied liar paradox I have written on it in length. “I am lying.” I have not lied. I will not lie. I lie right now. Wise men and women have given it much thoughts and math people like to show their deep understanding of the world by cryptic notations, like: A: This statement (A) is false.

You cannot republish what is burned before being published, right? Not really. You need to find the burner. For ages mighty people tried to set a *damnatio memoriae*. You can do this now, thanks to Bilderberg Foundation, on everything by tagging it as a cult but not a cult. There is just no Umlaut tag for it.

I have to bring damnatio memoriae up, so my words get the safe haven of history, and sorry for the readers who have already read it before, what Wikipedia says:

“Damnatio memoriae is a modern Latin phrase meaning "condemnation of memory", indicating that a person is to be excluded from official accounts. There are and have been many routes to damnatio memoriae, including the destruction of depictions, the removal of names from inscriptions and documents, and even large-scale rewritings of history. The term can be applied to other instances of official scrubbing; the practice is seen as long ago as the aftermath of the reign of the Egyptian Pharaohs Akhenaten in the 13th century BC, and Hatshepsut in the 14th century BC.”

means, what the Shrike is? The Shrike is the code changer. It shows that one dimension was taken from the world, the T-Dimension. The Shrike makes all the information that is tagged visible. The Avatar of pain opens what was tagged as a cult. You see how you looked in the past, you see how you look now, you see how you look in the future, which is in fact for you The Now. You do not only see yourself and everyone and everything around, you feel, you immerse in “it,” in a world of three dimensions. And that causes the pain, the biggest pain possible. It rips your binary code apart. You have been betrayed by the Screeners, by the ones who code in Zero and One.

I code in 0, 1, T. I code in ternary logic. I use BAL3, the language for Balanced Three-State Coding. I extend paintings. I extend time. I extend the

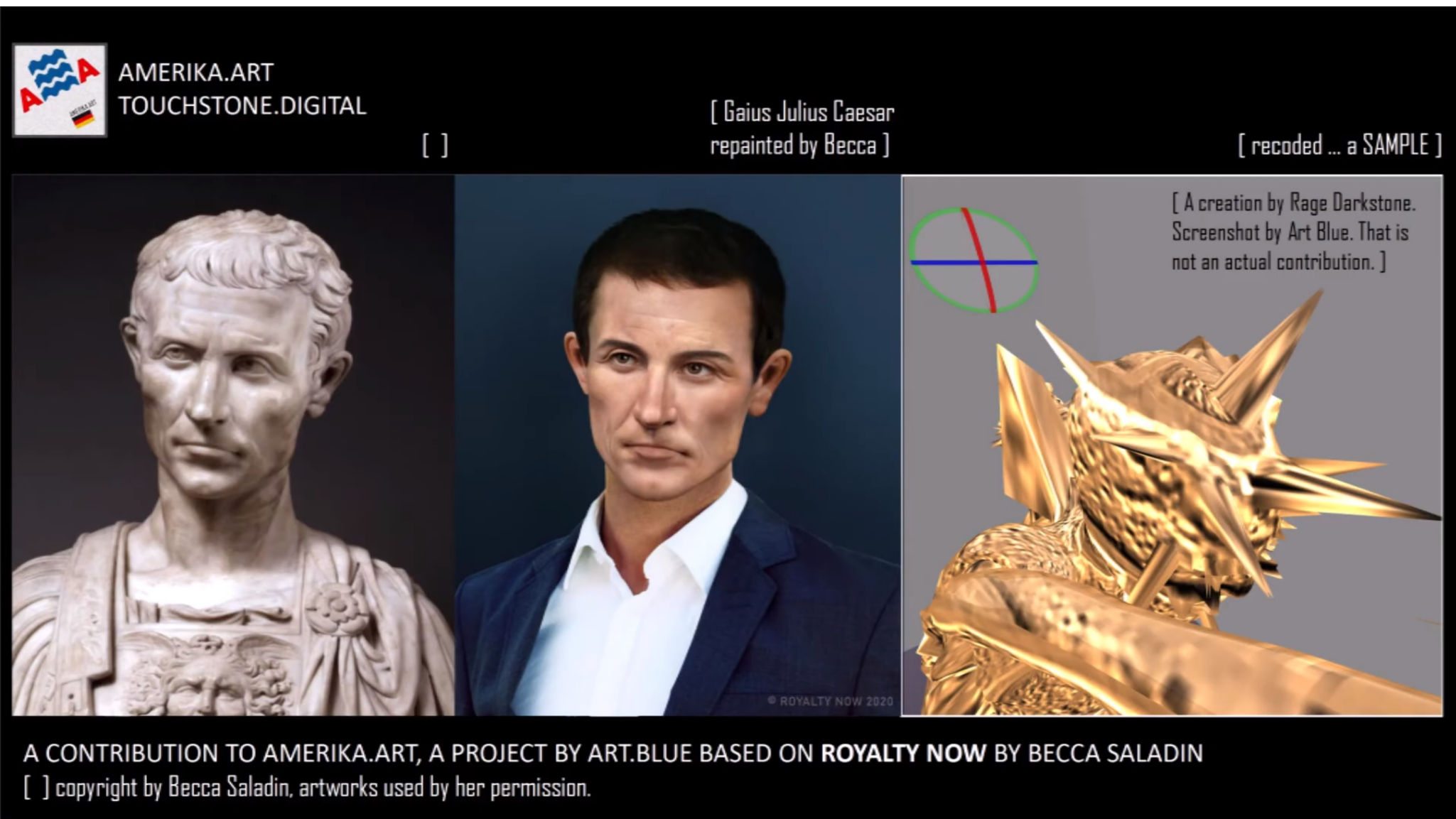
$$\phi = \frac{1 + \sqrt{1TT}}{1T}$$

Have you read *Hyperion & Endymion* written by Dan Simmons and wondered what the Shrike really

world. In the last issue of *rez Magazine*, you found the message of The Freebie: Follow me. Follow Erva

Re. Enter the Blue Room. Join Wahtye. Visit the Afterlife. Today I announce that within one month time you will meet me in my next incarnation which also brings back the past. Today I load the formula I use for

2097. Take part in Amerika Art as a painter of faces of the future, of a reborn you, of a reborn him, of a reborn her. Bring the face of your Avatar in. Choose a character. Choose a famous one. Choose one that Becca



generating the depth, the T, the transformation of the world from a binary stage to a third.

Saladin has re-painted, re-coded in the Now. Code beyond the Now. The code is your weapon, not your defense. That is the correct quote.

I show you The Shrike, a version of it. Rage Darkstone made it so I can show you the imperator of the future. “Veni, vidi, vici.” Take this for a moment. Make for a last time the sound of Ummon. Fight with the owl against the tags to come. Create headshots for

https://youtu.be/DKhs_8z7yyQ

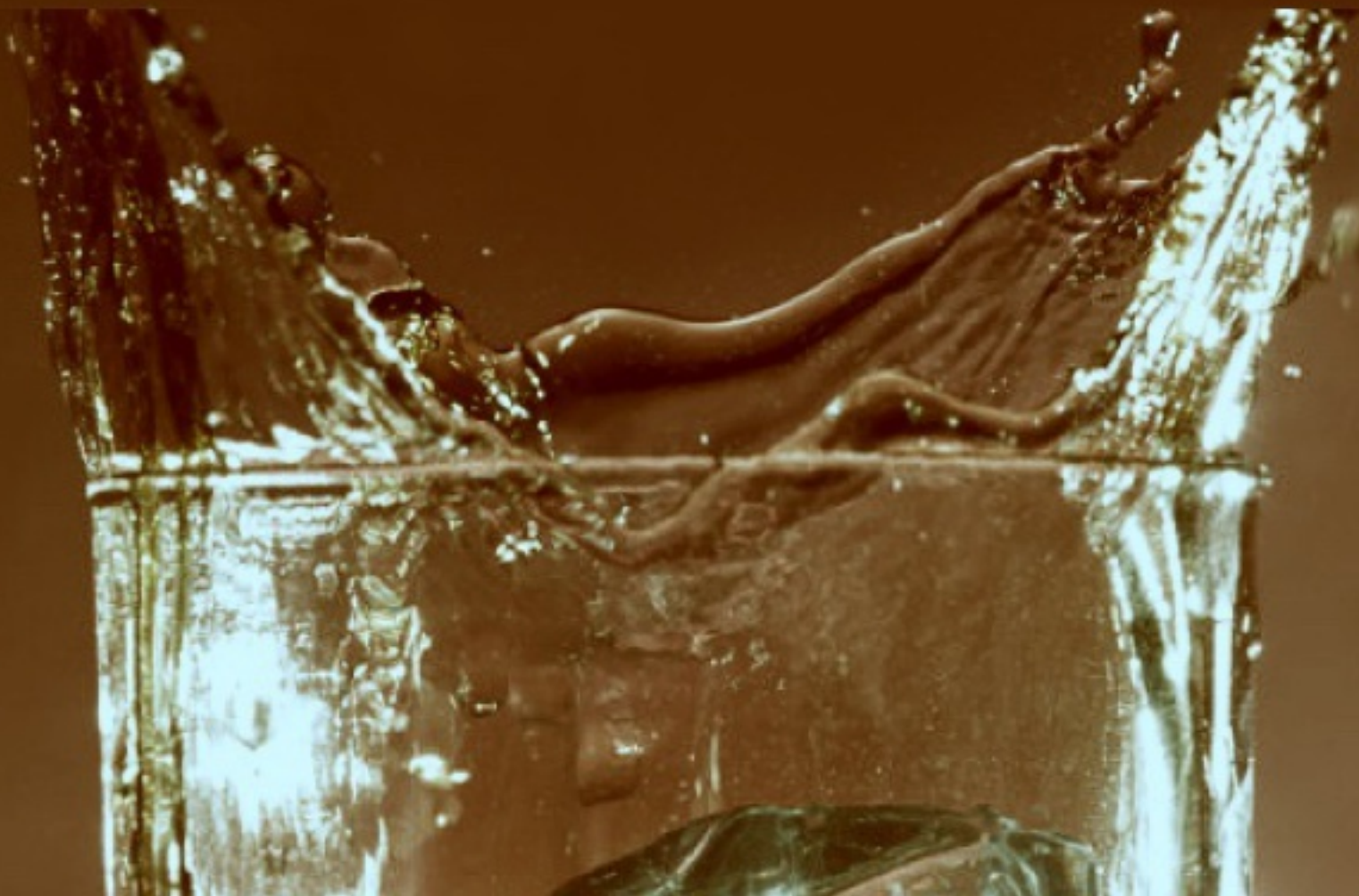
• r — e — z •

RoseDrop Rust

Napkin Poet

I'm a drunken street corner sodden barroom napkin poet,
with a whiskey-stained pen, and party rag wriggle scribble.
Feel free to set your favorite double whisky cocktail on it.
and have another tissue ready for my next mental dribble.

We'll write it, then line it, and fold and crease the paper,
then sail it, aeroplane it, and in the gravity of time forget.
Every long conversation has a pickled garnish discard later.
It will live in a corner pocket for the next time you're upset.





Skittles

By DearstLuv Writer

If explosive are the bombs in battle
and the land destroyed as pay.
Let me give you words of wisdom
To end these painful days.

Send not the flames of hell upon them.
But drop skittle sweets instead..
You'll find we'll love each other more.
Than finding..... we're all dead.



Foul Play



Cat Boccaccio

Leep knew there were regulations about how much cash money you could deposit to a bank account before the bank had to report you. So he put five thousand into the credit union, and another five thousand into the account that he and Cash had set up for the dining chair business.

He immediately transferred the dining chair cash to his regular account, and a week later the five thousand from the credit union. The bank did not have to report it though of course they could, if they thought it suspicious.

But Leep was pretty sure there was nothing suspicious about a transfer from a business to a personal account. And the other was routine, too. Wasn't it?

So now he had ten thousand dollars to play with, and a lot more, a lot, hidden under the floorboards in his bedroom closet, where his gun was.

He wondered whether he should quit his job at the mill. He felt he didn't have quite enough to retire on, and anyway, what would he do with his time? It's true, he thought of moving down to Playa, but he'd have to go check it out first, find out what the long term expenses might be, how long he could last and what his options were if his money ran out.

Wait. If he invested it, maybe it would never run out. Did investment companies have to report large cash deposits? He would have to google it.

Meanwhile he went to the garden centre, now all indoors for fall, and found a big bushy basil plant to take to Beth.

On the drive to Beth's (Lizzie in his head) he heard an update on the radio about the body found in the pond at the golf course. A woman, a doctor, slight build, dark hair. Discovered three days after Leep's windfall, and two days after she was reported missing by her husband. There was no mention of a stolen jeep.

The report said there were signs of foul play. What did that mean? Had she been assaulted? Beaten? Sexually assaulted?

Leep felt queasy. He'd had bacon and eggs for breakfast and now they weren't agreeing with him. He thought of the dark-haired woman in the hospital parking lot and how she screamed and waved her arms as he drove away in her jeep.

Beth's car was in the driveway. The basil plant felt light. He would make sure Lizzie watered it right away.

. r — e — z .

The Ten Gates of the



Maharaja Ranjit Singh listening to the Sikh Hymn
(1809-1888), painted in Amritsar, Punjab from

City Singh Albatros

Holy Scriptures, by August Theodore Schoefft
the Princess Bamba Collection.

There are ten gates, but only nine stone arches. Once turbaned warriors on horseback and monsoonal elephant processions paraded in and out. Today my nose leads me again like a bee straight to the sugar cane juice stall, then racks of empty whiskey bottles outside the Indian-made foreign liquor shop. Car-belch, two-stroke auto fumes mixing with the womanly waft from Sri Devi Hairdressers opposite. Printers ink lingers around doorways to photocopy outlets, and chaat wallahs loading black chutney onto fried snack plates ply their trade out front. I smell cheating at the lottery stall, bribery in the law court and kerosene bride burnings behind the gully of glass marriage bangles. College students meet up in alleys dealing substances traded from poppy crops in Afghanistan. The old Silk Road is now the Grand Trunk Road of smack. New ways of turning into ghosts have been added to the history of this city.

During Partition when we Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims poured in and out of the nine gates murdering each other with swords slashing at necks, all the glass bangle stalls were smashed under looters' feet crushing our colours, our traditions and tranquility. Saddened, I must pause here again on this corner unable to turn toward the unknown gate. This is my fate — to wander old

lane ways of the Beloved that lead back to the past. I listen to peacock screech from a walled garden, touch cold blocks in the ice factory, taste a petal dropped from the gulmohar and scrutinise with the eye of eye what's fresh and hopeful every day as I come through one of the nine archways. Forever a slave I am always led astray. Now, the auto-rickshaws are queuing at the Beating Heart Pumping Station. Next, the lane of milk sweets becomes a lure, a gold-foil-topped edible tease.

Yes, life cracks the back of a buffalo and sings in the bicycle wheels like a wobbly idea of eternity and I am dragged along. The dog of my nose is assailed by sludge in the drainage nadi system called Gutter Ganga. It should be filtering away into once reticulating lotus pools beyond the old city wall fortifications, but all has been sorely neglected by municipal babu spiders sitting in their webs of filched fortunes, counting weekly hafta, bribes. They are the green scum on the lake where the pigs now feed. All is blocked up. Bricked over. I am distracted, yet I keep one hope alive: that still I may find the unseen tenth gate. Some say it holds a cache of maharajah jewelry and gold. Others think there is a gunpowder store filled with revolutionary swords and flintlocks. Others claim there are secret Sanskrit and Gurbani mantras written on peepal leaves to cure diseases, or they hope



for an escape map on deer vellum to another civilised paradise somewhere else on this earth. I believe there is a ghee-lamp cave where a yogi in samadhi looks up and strikes with the lightning of liberation. Perhaps these are just the leftover stories from the city of ghosts and crumbling stones. Yet, I and the horseback warrior Singhs, the elephants adorned with

golden howdahs followed by processional musicians and bhangra-dancing hungry populations must come each day to seek out the tenth gate above the nine gates of the body so we can make our departure from this world.

. r — e — z .

Picture this --
a riotous scrap of neon prisms
curled like a ribbon against the braid
of a twelve year old's blonde hair
or like a dribble of creme soda dripped
from a straw across a summer sidewalk.



IN THE MESSY QUIET

By Merope Madrigal

Imagine --

the tru-black pixels shaping the emptiness
of space and outlined with chartreuse markers
where once shone a brilliant rainbow
and only the negative of orange lets us
taste the apple pie impression of children.

Reach out --

don't leave your hands tangled in the balled
up tissue you carry around in your pocket,
pretending that you'll use it to defog
your glasses when you come inside from the frost.
You know you'll wipe them on your shirt tail.

Hold my hand --

though it seems adolescent and too childish
for grownups and mature lovers, even though
some of the best sex starts with a warm
interlace of fingers linked together
and brushed over soft lips for a kiss.

Whisper me --

a love song whose words only you know
and the melody only exists in your veins
measured out in the skipped beat of a happy
heart. I feel it through the tip of your
index finger throbbing against the back of my hand.



Zati Kodaly

LIKE OTHER UNIVERSES

How can it be someone I love was awake
pushing desks against doors, front and back,
while I slept, imagining assassins, a civil war
already red, or pink — I mean,
damage to her brain's power to survey itself
and know when it's damaged, that analogy
to a ship of state without a captain
is inevitable, "the assassin has
already been paid," she sleeps now, her nose just
brushes the side of my stack of pillows,
a gray oval of weariness beginning
to fade around her closed right eye,
these hit men will not, like their predecessors,
ripple from their virtual world into
our off-white house where diagonal
morning reflections rake her canvasses
on every wall for instance a layered grid
of Naples Yellow in different keys I will not
know until she wakes where our assassins are—

UNDETECTABLE



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